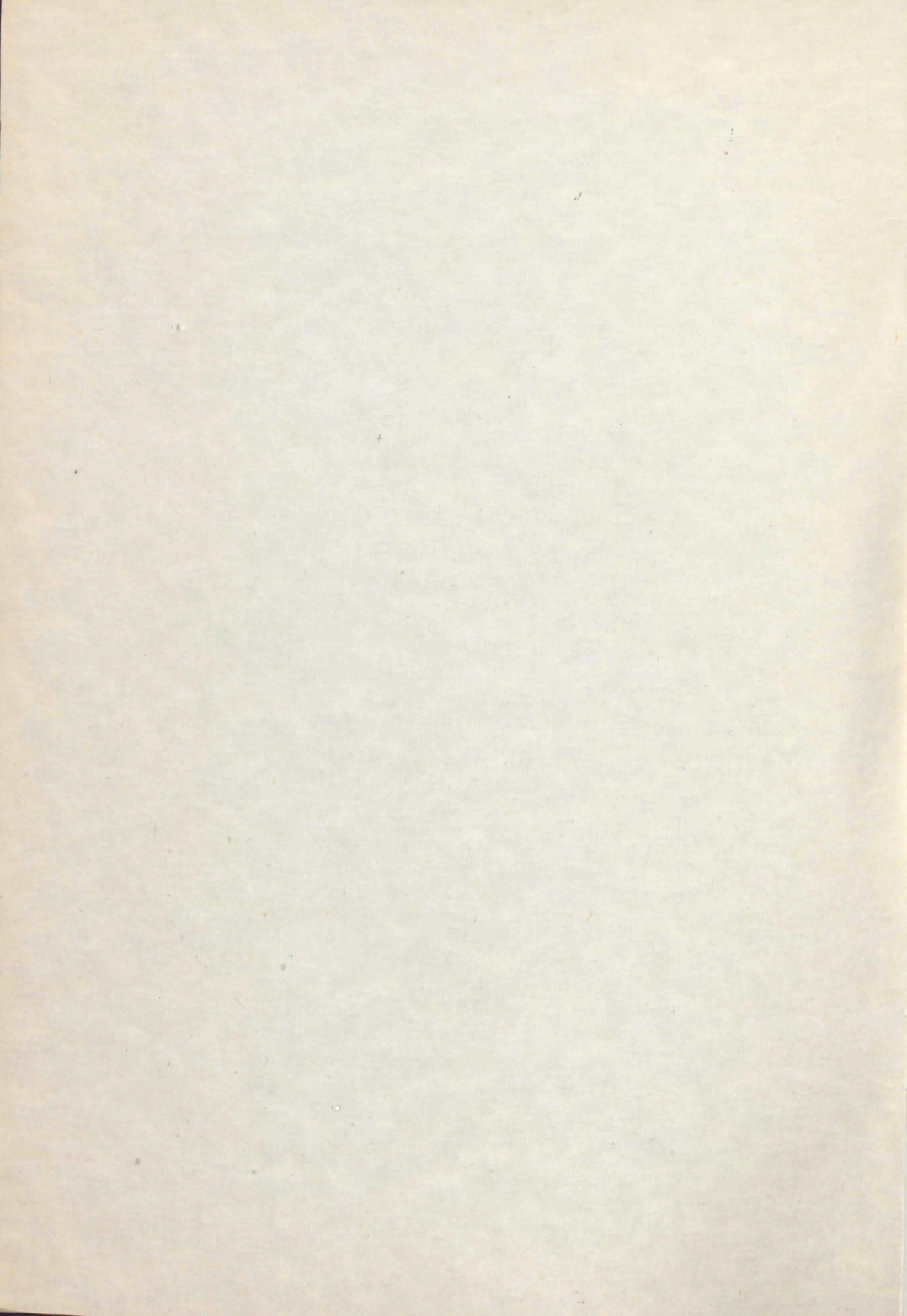


ENDOR



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Vol. III, No. 1

E N D O R

A Magazine of The Arts

Published Twice Yearly at

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ENDOR POETRY CONTEST

Spring, 1963

Because of the encouraging response to our haiku contest--sixty-nine entries-- the editors of Endor have decided to hold a similar contest for each issue. Book prizes will be awarded to the three top entries, as selected by our judges, Professors Armstrong, Dilworth, and Hook. Students (both undergraduate and graduate), faculty, and staff members may submit as many entries as they wish--one entry to a page, please.

The Spring, 1963, contest will be restricted to the light-verse form known as the clerihew, after its originator, Edmund Clerihew Bentley. The form, a quatrain, consists of two couplets of irregular meter; the tone is witty if not scurrilous; the subject, a well-known person (who may, for Endor's purposes, be a Lehigh celebrity, if you so choose). The name of the subject is the entire opening line (and, consequently, the first rhyme) of the clerihew. Some examples from Bentley himself:

Sir Humphrey Davy
Abominated gravy.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered sodium.

John Stuart Mill,
By a mighty effort of will,
Overcame his natural bonhomie
And wrote Principles of Political Economy.

And a more recent clerihew by Edmund Wilson:

Gilbert Higet
Cried "Lux fiat!"
Though the skies remained dark,
It was rather a lark.

Mail all entries to Endor, P. O. Box 54,
University Center.

ABSOLUTE DEADLINE: April 1, 1963

The staff of Endor is pleased to announce the three winners of the haiku contest conducted by the magazine for this issue. Due to the generous response, our esteemed judges preferred to choose three general winners rather than rank them one, two, and three. Endor extends its thanks to all who participated in the contest. Many excellent haiku were received, but only three could win. We hope that our contest for the Spring issue will elicit as enthusiastic a response.

The winning selections are reprinted below.

KRASKI

Hot gold on lime green --

The leaves turn a sandy brown.

Oh, desolate heat!

BENSON

The monument stands,
Reflecting the sun's hot rays,
The Hero is dead.

SCARPULLA

Silver speck on blue,

Vapor trailing: at twilight

You chase the sunset.

SPECIAL ENDOR AWARD

The following haiku entry by Professor Eli Schwartz was not chosen as one of the three winners, since it did not conform to the ground-rules set up in Endor, Vol. II, No. 2, p. 3: each haiku to contain 17 syllables, divided into three lines of 5, 7, and 5 syllables respectively (Professor Schwartz's lines contain 7, 5, and 5 syllables respectively); no title necessary; the season to be evoked emotionally, in this contest was summer (Professor Schwartz's haiku is unquestionably wintry). Otherwise, however, this is an admirably effective poem, and we are proud to be able to print it. Furthermore, we hereby establish the Eli Schwartz Poetry Prize, to be awarded to contest entries that stir the mind and spirit without paying very close attention to the rules.

Winter--Lehigh Campus

Icy paths...step carefully...

Oh, Eli, your bones

Are less than limber.

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ENDOR
(1Samuel 28: 3-25)

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SULLIVAN

Be My Valentine

Invest your balance in my disease---
hyenic ritual of soulless misgiving -- and
I shall wear you as an amulet,
upon my memory's breast, unremembered.

I will not risk catastrophe, nor
preserve you from passionate caprice,
but will watch you -- involved, surrendered,
soon unknown -- succumb in mute derangement.

WRIGHT

Pre-natal Sensitivity

How poor the love false vested in
 what might become--
For fruitless from the seed,
The seed of self ill-set among
 the visionary next
But not the now.

Fulfilling truth, agape to behold,
 was clearly manifest
To me as empathy let mother-
 form and father-charm
Make clear the acid test.

The child within let sensitivity
 reveal
Sterility of selfish love.
I looked beyond the veil of
 childish hope
To lyric now as from above.

I see with eyes of presentness
Alive to fuller next because
 Of now!

The Silent Road

I

Alone, the road mud-spattered with
A timeless age of dirt and grime,
Of battles fought with garbage thrown
From passing cars who never stopped
To rest and pass the day talking of
Different places they had seen and been.
But hurried through, and all they left
Were wakes of kicked-up dust which
Danced in devilish whorls as if
To suck its very breath away.

II

Alone, the road remained at night,
Remembering only fleeting glimpses
Of waving hands and blaring bands;
While waiting for a distant car,
Which coming from an endless night,
Sped on into a dawning light.

Success

"In the beginning, God created Heaven and earth, and God saw it was...."

"...a pleasure to serve you ma'am. That's my business."

"People crawl on you. They always do and always have. They're like little insects."

"Standard Brands is up two points today, Sam. It's a good investment, but that Enox Uranium looks better. You'd better put it all on Enox if you really want to make money."

"Why did those damn Japs have to come along? We would have had that bloody bridge in a million pieces if we had had five more minutes."

"No, Enox is the one, Sam. How do I know? What do you mean by that? I'm J. Watson of Watson, Freedman, and Deme...."

"Subways are filthy. They have people crawling all over them night and day."

"Sure, you must remember, Sam. It was just a couple of months ago, or maybe years-- I can't keep track anymore. It's quite a story, Sam. I was born a nothing, an infinitesimal spot on this lousy, infinitesimal piece of mud we inhabit. New York City was my home, the 3rd Avenue 'L' was my playground, and stealing oranges from Steve's Delicatessen was my profession. Those were the days, Sam, when a guy could work himself up to be somebody and not have to worry about these white-coated maniacs running around his home trying to make a fool of a guy."

"Yeah, a punk kid stealing oranges, only I saved those oranges and turned them into hard, shiny coins. It makes no difference how deformed your foot is, or how drunk your old man is as long as you have those coins."

You'd best remember that, Sam. If you can buy stuff, people will forget soon enough that you can't play stickball, or swim in the river with them. It's the money that counts, and nothing else. That's how I got elected to the Bishops---who else could have bought the guns to make us the best armed gang in all Manhattan? Then they forgot pretty fast about my clubfoot and my pimply face. My face got better after a few years, Sam, but money kept getting more and more. Who is going to care about a limp if you have the money to buy them drugs?"

"The Bible says you must put down your childish ways and...."

"That's how it started, Sam. I soon realized, though, that I was out of the class of hub-cap and fruit stealing. It was because I quit that I met Jeanne. She used to talk to me about things without ever noticing the way I looked or walked. We would do things like going to museums, or the Hayden Planetarium. Do you remember that one Sunday, Sam, when Jeannie and I spent the whole day together? It was around Christmas and the Planetarium was showing the usual Christmas pageant with the sky the way it was then, 2000 years ago. I've never been able to see through all that pompousness and those long robes, and candles, and all the gold and silver. Jeannie could though, and we went to her church quite a bit. As far as I could see, though, this Christ fellow was a weak, timid, little pacifist. But Jeannie liked that, so we went to the Christmas pageant."

"Lady's wear? Certainly, madam. First counter to the left."

"It was real nice, too. The big black machine in the middle of the room was looking like a two-headed mongrel dog as usual, but the stars it showed were all different from

any time I had been there before. Jeannie held my hand throughout the whole thing. It was real nice. Coming out of the building onto 86th Street we saw a beggar lady that I had often sold my oranges to when I was smaller. Jeannie made me give her a nickel though. I didn't really like it too much, but I just figured that if Jeannie wanted me to do it, it was worth it."

"You can't ever get away from people. There are always more of them no matter how many you get rid of. Even if you manage to get rid of a whole planeload of them at....."

"Yes sir, Sam, Enox is the one you want to put your money into. I should know, too. Watson, Freedman, and Deme know their business. Don't take my word for it though; the corporation dates back to 1918 and we've been growing ever since then. I've grown quite a bit myself, Sam, since those times. Why, I can remember being a cheap dope-pusher using Steve's Deli- as a contact place. I was too smart to let the monkey start riding on my back too, though. Hell, seeing all those guys with their bugged eyes and pasty complexions was more than enough incentive to keep me away from the stuff. There were some Madison Avenue types, some 'Beat' queers with black sweaters, almost painted-on pants, and uneven growths that might pass for beards, and some tired old men who had probably started using the stuff to help them forget about how they were losing their potency. But mainly, there were guys of about my own age who probably couldn't even get served at a bar outside of New York State, guys who looked like Bowery derelicts at the age of nineteen or twenty. It was really tough when you started to get to know the guys whom you didn't already know from living with them for twenty years. It hurt for quite a while

to know what I was helping these junkies do to themselves, but with the money rolling in like I had gotten three stars on a slot machine, it was easy, real easy, to forget about how I was getting it."

"Watch out for that Jap in the tree. The yellow bastard has a burp gun. Hit the dirt! He's..."

"I always planned to get out of the dope as soon as I could save some money. It was Jeannie that made me want to quit. I had the whole business rationalized out for my own satisfaction when I met her. It's really like a rehabilitation story from Reader's Digest, but that is what happened."

"It was as typical a New York summer night as there has ever been, when I first met her. Everyone was out on the steps of their dirty, rat-infested brownstones trying to get some of the breeze from the Hudson that sometimes blew along 96th Street. The fat old women in their flowery-patterned cloth dresses that barely held together, and in some places didn't, they were just sitting outside on their wooden folding chairs looking about as dumb and useless as the mop we kept in our family's apartment for cleaning the linoleum floors. There were also the men sitting around in small groups, each man dressed in a sleeveless undershirt and baggy gabardine trousers. These two groups were the 'sitters.' They didn't even have the initiative to watch things going on, they could only sit on their respective tails and meditate on how they could cheat the superintendent into getting them a new paint job for their living room that they didn't care enough about to straighten up once a year."

"Then there was the second group, the 'watchers.' These were punk kids who stood around the street waiting for something to happen so they would have something to do.

Whenever a car raced by, they would raise a chorus of yells and whistling, all of which would subside as soon as the car had gone. Providing a steady background for these periodic bursts were the colored and Puerto Rican kids running all over the street playing at their games of murder, robbery, or mugging. Thus the street exemplified near chaos and noise while the row of house fronts left one with a hopeless feeling of sickening lethargy. Almost in the middle of the block, I was standing in front of Steve's like one of the watchers. Only I definitely wasn't one of them, both because I was dressed in good clothes which my 'job' let me afford, and because I wasn't waiting senselessly. I knew someone would be coming along soon needing a fix. So I waited, and watched, and sweated from the mugginess that seemed to hang over the entire block---worse than it could possibly be anywhere else."

"Hallelujah! The Lord is coming to save us all. Let the glory of His power reach into your souls, touch your hearts, and....."

"It was real easy to pick her out that first time, and she was the type of girl who, once you've seen her, sticks fast onto your memory. Just the fact that she was young, white, and blond-haired made her substantially different from anyone else on the block, or in the neighborhood. One of the most noticeable differences between her and the people around her was that you could see she had a purpose of some sort. Also, her purpose was definitely an active one, whereas mine was merely passive. That's the way things usually were between a junkie and his peddler--with the addict doing the work and the supplier decidedly at ease and comfortable. Therefore I suppose I should have realized what she wanted as soon as I saw her, but since she was my first feminine contact, I

was unprepared when she walked right up to me and...."

"I want some heroin and I understand that you can get it for me. I'm ready to pay what you want for it, but I need it now".

"I could easily tell she didn't want the stuff for herself, both because she didn't have the small, glazed pupils characteristic of the dope addict, and because she wore a sleeveless dress which exposed her pure, white arms---without the series of pin marks an addict is marked with. However she did want it and I did have it, so, after making an estimate as to how much she would pay, I added twenty dollars to that price for the purpose of bargaining and told it to her. She said nothing, but merely picked the bills out of her purse and handed them to me. I then picked out one of the oranges Steve had in a crate in the front of the Deli-, and handed it to her.

"It was almost a week before she came back. That's when I found out that her name was Jeannie, and that she was getting the stuff for her brother. She started almost immediately on a rehabilitation program for me. Subtly dropping hints that she wanted me to quit selling dope. Finally I gave in to her and dropped all my old contacts. I had already made quite a bit of money. Our relationship developed along the old, used, but still true lines of the typical boy-meets-girl relationship. Then she suddenly had to leave and....."

"Then the Lord spoke out in a mighty voice and shook the heavens and the earth with the thunderous roar of...."

"Watson, Freedman, and Deme, there wasn't any such business back then, but as I looked around for something to do with the capital I had accumulated, the bustling stock market struck me as being the perfect chance to

accumulate more wealth. I spent quite a bit of time at the Exchange, learning the meaning behind all the seemingly disconnected and purposeless activity down on the floor. Eventually I tried investing a little bit myself. It took me three years and every penny I had to begin to realize a profit.

"They called me insane, Sam. They laughed at my clubfoot and my clothes which I had allowed to become shabby, but no one laughed at the money, Sam, no one. It was like the days of the orange-stealing and the Bishops again. The newcomers would laugh at the old man limping around in his baggy suit, but the older ones, the ones who knew about the fortune I had amassed and was still working on, they didn't laugh. They knew J. Watson and respected his opinions. Then I met Freedman and Deme and it just seemed like the most natural thing in the world for the three of us to form a coalition. We were unbeatable, Sam, perfectly unbeatable. In the space of a few short years, we had acquired a reputation and a great number of well-off clientele. Everyone on the Street listened when we were mentioned, and in the exchange itself, our number was being flashed on the master board in competition with the older, longer-established brokerages. Suddenly, in true Hollywood fashion, I met Jeannie again. After more than twenty years she entered our offices and asked to see me. When I heard her name over the intercom, I was once again a....."

".....some of the best imported china in the city, madam. We only serve the best sort of customers, such as yourself. Of course if you'd rather, we might....."

"Dear, sweet, beautiful Jeannie. Suddenly I found myself seeing her all the time and wanting her more often. I had resisted dope when I was younger; now I had gotten a monkey on my back that was riding just as hard, but

it was worth it. We went to musicals, off-Broadway plays, and dancing. I threw some of the wildest parties New York had ever seen ---with Jeannie as hostess. I was no longer an old decrepit financial genius. I became a wild, lavish 'playboy.' I let my work go to rot. The coalition of geniuses fell apart and I was soon lost and broke---too proud to admit anything to Jeanne. As my money dwindled to what I had started out with originally, I----"

"Say, Watson, there's a new ocean liner coming in at pier seven today---a big one, large enough to hold 7,000 passengers and----"

"7,000 eh? Well that sounds like a fairly good ship, Charley. I know about those things, Charley. I was Captain 'Dog' Watson of the S. S. Jeanna. Why, I've been....."

FEINBERG

Man has no island
Of safety to grasp.
He builds his bridge
And stands on it
Or is swept away
To be a shadow
Dancing on a wavering wall.

LUKE DeQUINCEY

Thank you, Hazlitt

Life is cold

Why don't you write them your life's history
young man

Why don't you tell them of what you've seen

Maybe you've seen nothing

Why don't you tell them so

Maybe you have known something

Maybe you've known pain

Sorrow and hurt

Joy and deepest feeling

Mental and physical anguish

Life is a logical form of madness

With unseeing eyes

And unknowing mind

and a very large emptiness

That can only be seen if searched for

and vice versa.

KALISH

THE NEW YORK STATE THRUWAY GOING
SOUTH AT MIDNIGHT

The night rushes up and stares at me

and I blindly stare it back;

The nothingness yawns and speaks to me-

"I am monstrous, deep and black."

I look, but nothing do I see...

Save on the windshield a faint reflection--
of me.

KALISH

REFLECTIONS

Eddie had by this time resigned himself to the condition of baldness;-but it had not been easy. Eddie's parents and four sisters all had an abundance of curly hair, and he couldn't understand why he should be called upon to lose his. There was something unjust about the whole thing he often felt.

He had come to see his Army buddy, Harry, who was by then almost completely bald. Eddie remembered how Harry used to worry about his receding hairline, and how he used to massage and brush his hair every idle minute.

Harry told him about going to his barber and getting soaked for a few \$3.50 "treatments"; and then about getting his wife to rub all sorts of oils into his head at night. Then Harry just looked at Eddie, and without scratching his head said, "Dammit Eddie, I guess I was just cut out to be bald. There is some of us who's goin' t'have hair and some of us who ain't, and I'm just one of them guys. It was hard Eddie-let me tell ya it was hard Eddie boy-but it's one of them things ya gotta face.

"I'm tellin' ya Eddie, don't fight it-it can really get ya down, believe me, I know."

"Yea, I understand-I guess," was all Eddie said.

Jerry, the barber, told Eddie that a good treatment by an expert would probably do some good, at least it could do no harm. To this Eddie agreed rather reluctantly, and went to Jerry for seven weeks. Then he joined a bowling league at work and could no longer spare the time on Wednesday evenings for treatments, so he never went back. When Eddie went in for haircuts, Jerry never said any-

thing about the treatments.

Now Eddie looked at himself reflected on the side of his glass of beer. He couldn't quite remember exactly when he had accepted his baldness. It must have been a long time ago. He was just thinking about how right Harry had been all along, when the door swung open.

Eddie didn't really notice the door at first - he felt the draft come across the bar. He always felt drafts across his forehead. By the time Eddie looked up the guy had already sat down across the bar. The guy didn't say anything, but made a motion with his hand and the bartender got right up and drew a beer and a shot. That reminded Eddie of the shot he wanted, so he told the bartender.

After another beer Eddie went into the back room to the dart board. He liked to throw a few darts once in a while, but he was always afraid some one would force him into a game for money. He hated to lose money playing a game like darts. Shortly the other guy walked in carrying his beer and watched Eddie for a minute. Then he put his glass down on the shuffleboard and went to the board himself for a few shots.

He was much bigger than Eddie. He had a thick neck and a mop of greasy, curly hair that stuck out behind his ears. He had on steel toed work boots - the same kind Eddie used to wear, only about twice as big. Eddie was looking at the shoes with the laces all the way down to the toes, when he felt a nudge on his arm -

"Hey - you want t' shoot a game pal," the guy said holding the darts out toward Eddie.

"Yea - I guess, I'm not much good though," Eddie mumbled.

That was all that was said until the game was over, and the guy handed Eddie a fresh

beer. Eddie took the beer and then put out his hand - "By the way, my name's Ed - Ed Harbison. Guys call me Eddie mostly."

A big smile broke across the big guy's face as they shook hands, "My name's Mylac."

"Nice to meet you Mylac."

"Just call me Mike or Myles like everyone else does," and he smiled again. When he smiled, a broken tooth was revealed; and for some reason Eddie thought this made him look more honest.

"Okay Myles, okay," said Eddie, smiling too.

After the next game they went back to the bar together and started talking about the army. Myles pulled out his wallet and showed Eddie some pictures he'd brought back from Germany and France. The girls were all nude and most of them attractive. Myles said he'd taken the pictures himself.

"They're really nice babes, Myles," Eddie ran a hand across his forehead, "where'd ya ever meet them?"

"Man, they're all over the place over there. I spent twenty-seven days in Paris - some of the best Eddie boy, some of the best. You never been over there, huh?"

"Nope. I took my two years over hear - I guess that was a mistake," Eddie shook his head and stared at his beer again.

"I don't know about that, but I know I had a good time over there - and you'd 'a' had a time over there too, believe me."

Eddie finished his beer and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Myles ordered two more, and Eddie ran a hand across his head again.

"Hey Eddie, look at this one," Myles flipped another picture out on the bar, "she wanted to come back here with me. She's nice, ain't she?"

"She sure is. Why didn't you bring her back over here."

"I don't know, I suppose I should have. You think I should have?"

"I sure as hell would 'a' - I can tell ya that right now," Eddie pushed the picture back to Myles and grabbed his next beer.

Myles stuffed the pictures back in his pocket and leaned back on his stool. "Ha - Eddie-" he leaned back and laughed, "I like you. You're a good guy. Yea, you know that, huh? You're a good man." He slapped Eddie on the back with his big hand and leaned back and laughed again. He laughed real loud and his voice carried all around the otherwise empty barroom.

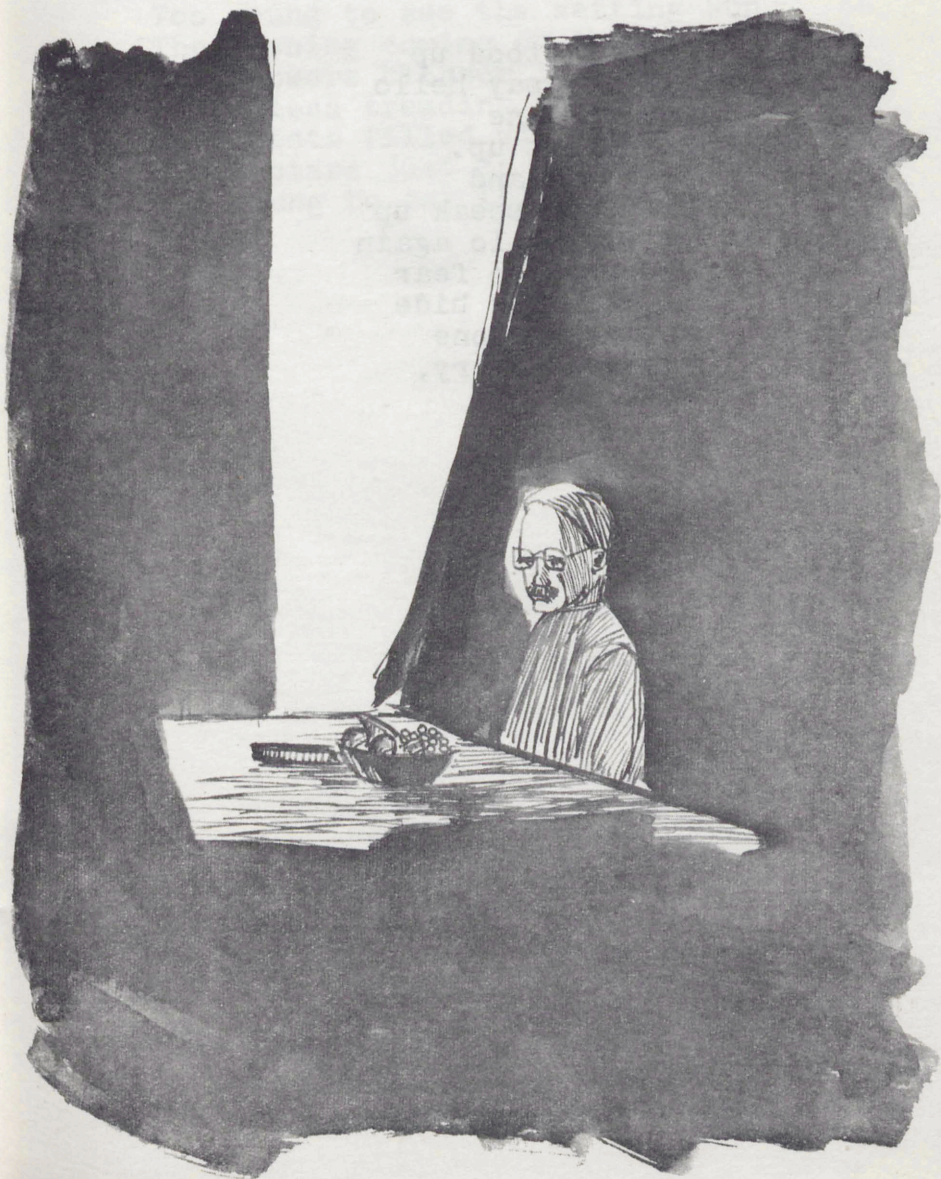
Eddie was staring down at his beer - watching the little ripples run back and forth across the top of the beer. Little ripples - like so many little children playing tag in a little field. When Myles laughed the little children seemed to run faster - frightened.

Eddie looked up and smiled. Then he started laughing too. He was still smiling as he started toward the men's room. When he returned Myles wasn't there, but two fresh beers were. Eddie looked around for a second, then looked at the bartender.

"He ain't here kid - he took off on you," the bartender said as he drew himself a glass of water. Eddie didn't say anything. He just looked at his reflection on the side of his glass, and ran a hand back across his forehead. "Yea kid, he ain't here. I swear that guy's nuts or something. He comes in here - like tonight- gets friendly with some guy he ain't never seen before, buys him a couple beers and then leaves. Yea, he leaves - just ups and leaves in the middle of everything. I can't figure it

out myself. Like I said before, the guy must be crazy, or nuts, or something. What d' ya think kid?"

Eddie didn't think. He didn't say anything. He got up, took his change, and left.



SINDEL

In Trepidation

Once I stood up
Just to say hello
And someone
Said shut up.
So I did and
Only now speak up
to say hello again
and then in fear
To duck and hide
before someone
decides to cry,
Shut up!

An Ode to Youth

Too young to see the setting sun,
The evening coming on the tide;
All flowers blossom in a spring,
A timeless treading to be seen,
Of forests filled with rare unknowns.
And nectars just as quickly lost,
Too young to see the coming frost.

SINDEL

Alone

I think
Now of
That place
Where alone
I stood
And waited
Not once
But count-
less onces
For some
Sign:
A look,
A laugh,
A move-
ment.
But none
Came and
Alone
I started
Out and
In between,
Since then,
The days,
The months,
The agonies
And still
I am
Alone.

The Darkened Sea

The boat passed, skimming
like an odd coin,
across the water.
we leaned out
over the side;
faster,
faster
..screechingly cold..
we turned
back to shore
rising
up and down,
back and forth,
everything silent in us,
stilled.

Safe on grating sand
we looked at the sea;
the waves, fuzzy-headed,
lapped at the shore.

We laughed,
even I,
but the darkened sea,
like silvered mercury,
only roared.

Breecker

A Modern Myth

or

How Achilles Came to be a Heel

One day, while Achilles was pouting in his tent, trying to decide whether he should swallow his pride or let it dissolve slowly in his mouth, a messenger came up to the door of the tent and peered in.

"Western Union, sir," he said, as Achilles took the proffered telegram, slipped a quarter in it, and deftly tore open the boy.

"It's from my friend Patroclus," he exclaimed to no one in particular and, as if to demonstrate his ecstasy, did a few nip-ups. He came down, nearly missing the prostrate messenger. Achilles muttered a curse and demanded that the fallen boy be removed. Each of his guards took a section, and two of the more worldly ones argued as to to whom the head should go.

"Enough of this fighting," snapped Achilles as he re-read the telegram. "Patroclus says he'll be here at 4:00 tomorrow, and is looking forward to a long rest."

Needless to say, the hours between the receipt of the telegram and 4:00 the following day were filled with hurried preparations for Achilles' most beloved guest's arrival. The bed where Briseis had slept was supplied with fresh linen, and the immense dirt floor was swept. The windows were covered with new mosquito netting and, in short, all was made spic and span for the anticipated great occasion. Achilles and his attendants slept well that night, secure in the knowledge that tomorrow would bring them the next day. And they were right! For no sooner had they awakened the next morning

than they realized that this was the day after yesterday.

"Let's cut out this foolish stuff," snapped Achilles, "don't you remember that Patroclus is due to arrive this afternoon?"

They then proceeded to prepare breakfast. When Achilles looked into the cupboard, he noticed that they were running low on food. To make a short story long, Patroclus arrived right on time and the joyous reunion that followed brought tears to the eyes of even the most Spartan of the Greeks.

Before I go any further, I feel that I should say a few words about this man, Patroclus. He was splendid warrior, an amazing eater, a loud snorer and, as his friends called him, a 'brick.' This term of endearment might possibly be thought to refer to Patroclus' head which, Zeus only knows, was rather dense. I mean Pat was good man and all that, but he was quite gullible. Actually, Achilles' main pleasure came in playing father to the lad. But I digress.

After the tearful assemblage left, Achilles and Patroclus splashed their way into the tent to talk about old times. Then they moved on to loftier matters, such as old Scientific Americans and old Saturday Reviews. When they had talked a while of their childhood in Europe, their boyhood in Africa, and their euthanasia, Achilles told Patroclus the reason for his not fighting: "I really felt bad when Agamamnon took Briseis from me," he lamented, "I could have run him through with my sword."

"Why didn't you?" asked Patroclus, munching on an olive.

"I couldn't," answered Achilles, "I left it in the tent to be sharpened."

"I guess you were foiled again," said Patroclus, nimbly spitting an olive pit at his host.

"You stick to being a straight man and I'll handle the funny lines," spoke Achilles. ... "As I was saying, I couldn't very well fight Agamemnon there, so I retired to my tent, where I have been ever since."

Just then, Patroclus got up and looked into the larder to see if there were anything to eat. "What are you doing," said Achilles. "I'm looking into the larder to see if there be anything to eat," said Patroclus.

"I think we ate the last of the corn at breakfast, and the wine gave out days ago. All that's left is some fly-ridden meat left on those lamb carcasses that we have been sacrificing." (Actually, Achilles had a cache of food buried on the plain, but he didn't tell Patroclus this fact because he wanted Pat to go out and fight for him).

"I don't really relish rotten roast," said Patroclus alliteratively, "but if that is all you have, I'll take it."

"Not so fast," said Achilles, "you must first don my armor and go fight the Trojans. If they win, they get the meat. If you win, you get it. You know what I always say, 'To the Victor go the spoils.'"

"But R.C.A. isn't here," protested Patroclus as he put on the armor of the Great Achilles and proceeded to march out to the battlefield.

